Redemption of an Elite

by Atomic P

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Summary: An Elite is compromised by someone after being knocked

unconcious. Just read, I can't really explain it!

Redemption of an Elite

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Disclaimer: I do not own any characters, weapons, or locations from Half-Life 2, Valve does.

This is my second story and my first attempt at something serious, so please, go easy on me.

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'How did this happen?' An injured rebel thought, sitting in front of her dead partner. A deep gash was visible in the live rebel's stomach. Her hand rested on the wound, drenched in blood.

"We have a live rebel!" The almost mechanic sounding voice of a Combine Elite echoed through the hall of the once lively school. The Elite, followed by three Combine soldiers, approached the wounded rebel with caution. "Why?" The rebel managed to speak. "Why did you betray our planet?" The Elite smirked and raised his pistol. "I found a higher bidding." The pistol's sights were now lined up with the rebel's temple. The Elite took a deep breath and pulled the trigger.

The Soldier nearest to the Elite turned and began speaking into his COM system. "Come in command, the last of the rebels has been eliminated. I repeat, the last of the rebels has been eliminated. We are ready for evacuation."

Suddenly, a grenade landed in the middle of the group of soldiers.

"GRENADE!" One shouted. It was too late. The grenade went off, killing the three soldiers and rendering the Elite unconscious.

The Elite woke up later on the first pew of a church. "Where the hell am I?" He said, standing up. "No lad, do not use that word on holy grounds." This came from behind him. The Elite instantly turned around, wielding his pistol. An old man sat o the pew behind the Elite, the man wore a black coat, gray pants, and fishing boots. "Who are you?" The Elite demanded. "Tell me where I am!"

"Now there's no need to get angry, lad." The old man said. He now stood to be only an inch or so shorter than the Elite. "Tell me where in hell I am or I'll splatter your brains on this church's floor!" The old man sighed and lowered the Elite's gun with his hand. "You've committed a sin, and by committing that sin you've committed many more!"

The Elite grunted and raised the pistol again. "As part of the Combine forces I do not believe in heaven or hell, sin is just a word to me." The old man continued, not listening the Combine Elite. "You've killed many innocent people, lad. No one has the right to take the life of another."

The Elite lowered the pistol a little and spoke. "Who are you?" He asked, now shaking. "I'm God." The Elite grew angry and pulled the trigger. Surprisingly, the old man was not wounded. Was he truly God? "You will be forgiven for your attempt to kill meâ€| "The man said.

Suddenly, a grenade appeared in the Elite's empty hand. "What is this?" The Elite said, holstering his pistol. The old man sighed. "Redemption."

The Elite awoke again, this time back in the hall of the School; Combine Soldiers surrounded him. "He's awake!" One shouted. Another shouted out. "Inform Dr. Breen!" The Elite looked at his hand, resting in it was a grenade. "Forgive me, father." He said. A soldier kneeling next to him looked at a medic. "Whom is he speaking to?" The Elite made the symbol of a cross ton his helmet, grabbed the pin with his index finger and yanked it from the grenade.

Redeemed…. Finally.

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Once again this was my first attempt at something serious so be easy. Please though, review!

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